

The Colored Pages

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[TWOPENCE.]

PARIS AND ITS PEOPLE.



THE CHIFFONIER PURSUING HIS DAILY OCCUPATION IN THE STREETS OF PARIS.

ALTHOUGH Paris is called the most civilised capital in the world, it is perhaps, always excepting Grand Cairo, the least cleanly, a paradoxical reputation it seems to have enjoyed for ages. Petrarch, the poet, philosopher, and statesman, writing in the middle of the fourteenth century, says "Paris, though always inferior to its fame, and much indebted to the lies of its people, is undoubtedly a great city. To be sure I never saw a dirtier place, except Avignon." This remark is exactly applicable at the present day; in proof of this, we refer to the engraving given in illustration of this article, portraying a character that could only exist in a city unprovided with proper outlets and repositories for the refuse of animal substance, where every description of garbage is allowed to rot in the streets, and to corrupt the air, after the chiffonnier has extracted the smallest article that he considers of the least value. In Cairo, which rivals Paris in a want of public or private cleanliness, the streets are cleared by the tame vulture; the appearance of which, remarks a recent writer in Egypt, "from the nature of its occupation, is disgusting in the extreme, though naturally a noble ob-

ject." How much more disgusting is the aspect of that noble creature—man, when covered with rags, picking out a wretched subsistence from the offal of the streets, and who, more degraded than the unenlightened barbarian, instead of living on the spontaneous productions of nature, subsists upon the refuse of other men, which, instead of speedily removed, is left by the inhabitants of Paris to decompose before their very doors. Thus, the chiffonnier is the offspring of uncleanness—a creature nurtured by it to impede the spread of civilisation, of which national cleanliness is one of the most important results. It seems that men, women, and children, are employed in rag grubbing; the whole body seems to possess characteristics in common with the rest of the lower orders of Paris, except that they are more debauched in their habits; like all their compatriots, they are fond of treats and holidays: when a stray silver spoon, fork, or other valuable gets into their basket—a piece of good fortune which the carelessness of servants renders by no means unfrequent—the proceeds are usually spent upon a copious repast in some favorite resort in the

outskirts, whither they repair with joyous friends, not by the conveyance which nature provides, and which poverty so often enforces, for they do no less than hire a hackney coach, proceeding merrily to the *barrières* in full state. There are about 2000 chiffonniers in Paris, and to them alone is the cleansing of the city committed. Is it any wonder, then, that Cholera should have visited Paris with fatally malignant powers. One Spring morning says Charles Dickens, attracted by stories I had heard about the chiffonniers of Paris and their haunts, I strolled towards the Montagne de Sainte Genevieve. There, in the narrow lanes at the back of the great library, I was soon satisfied. The chiffonniers were to be seen in every stage of intoxication. Rags hung from every window; heaps of bones were at some doors; at others, soles of old boots were stacked. Here, women were sitting sorting rags and paper, and watching the drunken revels of their mates; there, huge waggon were being loaded with enormous bales of chiffons. For olfactory reasons I did not long remain on the Montagne Sainte Genevieve; on the contrary, I hastened forward



past the Place Maubert: only glancing into the horrible dark hole called Le Drapeau, where the chiffroniers spend their money in an adulterated spirit, which they call canfré. My road towards the city gate of the Two Mills, lay through one of the poorest parts of Paris; through choked-up alleys, and past people of wretched aspect. Still hastening onward through a narrow street where the wine shops were separated from each other only by occasional rag and old clothes shops of the lowest class, I was suddenly attracted by a sign that looked English. To see the rude representation of a very fine old oak suspended over a doorway in this situation was a strange sight. The establishment, regarded from the street, had not an inviting aspect. I suspected at once that it was a chiffroniers' ball-room. Under the sign, was an announcement to the effect that the price of admission was six sous, which six sous included consummation to that value. I approached the entrance; it had all the melancholy air about it that pervades a place of entertainment when no entertainment is going on. But the rows of copper vessels were bright; the little brandy and wine measures were in excellent condition; the floor was neatly sanded; and a clean, bright-eyed woman was sitting at work behind the huge leaden counter. A voice from the room behind, called to her. Surely, that was a familiar voice! Within a minute afterwards, Antoine made his appearance, with a huge bundle of keys. He was pleased to see me, and began the story of his life from the point at which he had stopped when he used to talk to me at the great restaurant. The story was one of which Paris furnishes many parallels. The prudent waiter as inevitably becomes the prosperous restaurateur, as a king's son obtains a colonelcy in the army. Antoine, in his twenty-seventh year had saved more than two thousand francs. He had, moreover, made a reputation for sagacity in conducting his master's business; and his friends were ready to help him when he declared himself strong enough to start for himself. Antoine declared his intention of leaving his master one day; whereupon his master spoke angry words. Antoine of course replied by standing on the dignity of man, and declaring his intention of leaving at once. He carried this dreadful threat into execution; and three or four weeks afterwards, was the contented owner of Le Vieux Chêne. As Antoine talked to me in this establishment of modest pretensions, in his morning dress of coarse cloth, protected by a green baize apron, he had not the prim air which characterised him when he served the master of the great restaurant. But Antoine was evidently on excellent terms with the world: it was easy to see, without asking him the question, that his speculation was successful. I asked him why he had not chosen a more fashionable part of the town? He laughed and his wife laughed, as he told me, with a knowing look, that fortunes were not made out of the rich, but rather out of the working men. He then insisted that I should take a glass of good Strasbourg beer with him; and while his boy was gone to the cellar to fetch it, he volunteered to show me over his establishment. I followed him down a dark passage through a second bar which opened into a long, wide, low room. It was in terrible confusion; the rush chairs were piled in stacks; the forms were lying about; and the floor was wet. "Here we can stow away nearly five hundred people," said Antoine, leisurely planting himself against the wall, and twirling his bunch of keys. I asked him for the details of his business, and he gibly gave them in the following words:—"When I first took this place I was very nervous. People didn't come. Nobody knew anything about it; but I was patient. I knew that, by degrees, I should get my customers. I gave them good things to drink; treated them well; and sent them away content when they did come. So, every visitor came a second time, and brought a friend; until, now, we have scarcely room for them. I am thinking how I can enlarge my space. Every visitor pays six sous at the door, except the soldiers. They pay nothing. They never pay anywhere. I don't exactly know why, but it seems to be their privilege. Then all the visitors who dance, pay three sous for each country dance—except the soldiers who pay two sous—which is a great matter to get from a soldier. I go to a tobacconist for parcel of tobacco. I pay sixteen sous for it. A soldier goes: he pays four sous for the same quantity, and with his four sous gives a warrant to the shopkeeper, which, upon being delivered at the proper government office is cashed. All people favour the military. For my musicians, I prefer two or three performers from a regimental band. I get them cheap. I give them only twelve francs a month each, yet they are glad to get leave from their commanding officer to come to me. My principal patrons are working men. You are surprised to hear that a working man can afford to pay six sous entrance money, and three sous for every dance." It was easily explained. Say he gets twenty francs a week: well, he lives upon ten francs, and spends ten in pleasure. This is how they generally manage till they marry, and then good-bye to balls. We admit only decently dressed people; for instance we rigidly exclude women who wear handkerchiefs on their heads, for these are always the lowest class. The chiffroniers and chiffronières never come here; they go to a house on the opposite side of the lane, where there is no rule about dress. You should see the room on a Sunday evening: there is only just room to dance. Sometimes on Sunday evenings, I take as much as one hundred francs for dance money alone. I consider it a good night when my receipts are about five hundred francs. I take even more occasionally. On Shrove Tuesday the visitors danced all night; and it was difficult to get rid of many of them at eight o'clock the next morning." Antoine would have gossiped on about his contemplated improvements; the excellent beer his guests got for their entrance fees; and his conviction that establishments like his paid larger dividends than those devoted to the elegant classes. Antoine had good reasons for his opinions, since he had a large deposit in the savings bank—the result of his reign under Le Vieux Chêne. I am assured that this young fellow, now in his twenty-eighth year, is putting aside at least seven thousand francs a year. It is said in the neighbourhood to be quite a picture, when Antoine and his wife resign their cellar keys to their servants, and sally forth, in holiday attire, to spend a day at Versailles, or to breath a little fresh air in the Bois de Boulogne.

A woman of Middlezoy was brought to the Bridgewater Infirmary on Tuesday, suffering dislocation of the jaw—caused by an enormous yawn.

Reviews.

Reynard the Fox. By THOMAS JAMES ARNOLD. Nuttall and Bond.

In Congreve's "Old Bachelor," that valorous Buckinghamshire knight, Sir Joseph Wittol, remarks with the air of a man desirous of exhibiting the amount of his reading,—"Egad, there are good morals to be picked out of *Esope's Fables*, let me tell you, and Reynard the Fox, too." With Sir Joseph's criticism we may dismiss the text of the book, which is a rough, but not an unskillfully-vended, translation of Goethe's racy version of this old story. We may be allowed to remark, however, that one great merit of the tale, apart from the wondrous ability with which Goethe has told it, is its universal applicability, particularly in a political sense, to all times and seasons, or at least to the governing and governed classes of such periods. Reynard comes out of all his trials with more luck than deserts; but his ambition is satisfied, and he mentally exclaims, like an intriguing Puffin:

"This realm, henceforth (thus to himself thought he),

On true Fox principles shall govern'd be

My members only of my family."

But the great charm of the present volume, which appears to have been partly prepared for publication by the late Mr. Pickering, is to be found in the illustrations by Mr. Wolf. These are truly works of Art, and the human and animal are wonderfully and comically combined in the representation of the speaking creatures and their acts. How religious, yet how rascally, does the Jesuit-Fox look when, while passing the group of cocks and hens, he is counting on his beads and the fowls, his fingers on the first and his eyes on the latter. Then, what a truculent air is worn by his noble majesty the Lion. You see, at the first glance, that he is addicted to drinking; he is evidently irritable, feverish, and inaccessible to reason. When a courtier would whisper something in his ear, how carefully does the whisker seem to get as far as possible from that disreputable swollen nose. But the hero of the story is the Alcibiades of animals. He seems "at home" under every circumstance. What a servile villain it is in presence of the authorities! What a *gamin* look of mischievous delight he wears when he catches that heavy old joker, the Bear, in the chest tree. How thoroughly is the burglar imprinted in his looks when he complacently views his confederate, the Cat, hanging in the barn, into which he had urged "Tybalt" on felonious intent;—and what a look of conscious and persecuted innocence he carries with him when brought to trial, and the Ram is getting up cases against him. This trial-scene is admirably arranged, and the by-play of some of the personages, whether in rage or repose, lends additional and amusing reality to the scene. The interior and the exterior of Reynard's mansion are equally dramatic, and in admirable contrast. In the latter, the Fox, disguised as a pilgrim, seems overflowing with seductiveness and goodness. In the former, with none to observe him but his family, his air and acts are unrestrained, and his children look at the sons as such a sire might be expected to look. There is, indeed, a wretchedly penitent expression about him when under the excommunicating ban of Rome for his wickedness; but there is a Robert Macaire look with it, which shows the sinner is merely feigning a sensation. This look is still more manifest when, in presence of an august and apparently perplexed court, he flings down his glove in token of his innocence, and might almost be mistaken for Bayard himself. The disinclination to take up the glove is also most artistically suggested; and when we subsequently see the catit putting himself into a philosophical pose, and calmly viewing the terrible punishment which Isengrim the Wolf, is suffering at the hands, or claws, of his Majesty the Lion, we are satisfied that he is the original illustrator of the moralist's maxim, which assures us that we bear nothing so patiently as the calamities which fall upon our neighbours. When we again see the ecstatic delight marked on the libertine's countenance at bringing the Wolf into a snare in the Well, by which the Fox himself is saved from drowning, the latter, in his ascending bucket, as he passes the Wolf, whose weight is carrying him down, seems to be saying, with a smile, "Ah, there is something in the misfortunes of our best friends which is not displeasing to us!" The least humorous, but not the least masterly plate, is that of the trial by battle, in which Reynard overcomes his powerful antagonist. The two animals are here worthily Sneyders, so naturally and vigorously are they depicted.

These illustrations reflect honour on the artist, Mr. Wolf. There is nothing in "Les Animaux peints par eux-mêmes," equal to them. Indeed, these are altogether of a higher class of Art, and will add to the reputation of the artist. The introductory letter, we may observe, in conclusion, contains some agreeable information on the history of the tale itself, and of the editions it has gone through. To the list of the versions of the story already recorded, Mr. Arnold adds "Le Roman du Renard," by M. Octave Delépiere (1837), and another similarly entitled, by a Danish author, Prof. Rothe (1145),—"each of which," says Mr. Arnold, "contains an admirable précis of this history of histories."

Martha, A Sketch from Life, By ANTHONY SMITH. Hope and Co.

"MARHTA" is a striking and clear story, but it is interesting without being pleasant; in fact, the main incident is revolting,—and it is brought on so abruptly that the sympathy of the reader is not sufficiently excited either to accept or to excuse it. The story is of a woman, the daughter of a clergyman, who marries a man in every respect below herself, a mere peasant, a day labourer,—who has not even the merit of being an honest man:—who has, in fact, no other endowment than personal beauty, a beauty unaccompanied by intelligence, generosity, or any other desirable quality whatever. He is an idle, dissolute, worthless, vulgar blackguard. Of course, he neglects her, wastes her money in disgraceful pleasures, and reduces her and his children to the most abject poverty. Her father having cast her off, she is entirely reduced to the social level of her husband. With all this, and being moreover of a haughty and ungovernable temper, she nevertheless continues to love him,—but it is with the same enthrallment of the senses which led her to marry him. We wish we could impress upon novelists and moralists that the mere fact of marriage neither ennobles nor sanctifies this kind of attachment:—no alchemy can extract a grain of

heroism out of it;—such love is nothing better than "sweet degradation," and debases whoever holds to it. Martha's precious husband is at length led to participate in a burglary upon the house of his father-in-law, and is apprehended in the fact. Martha contrives to set him at liberty; but afterwards discovering that whilst skulking from the constables he is living with a woman who has long been his mistress, in a paroxysm of jealousy she betrays him into the hands of justice. Of course she is immediately afterwards extremely sorry for what she has done; but it is too late. Andrew is tried and condemned to death. Her love all revives:—she makes superhuman efforts to save him. His sentence is commuted to transportation. She resolves to follow him to the world's end, but he dies in prison;—and Martha, having inherited property from her father leads henceforth a most beautiful life of expiation,—devoted to her children, doing good to everybody, and enjoying the respect and admiration of all who knew her. The author who can write a story like this of "Martha" which with all its faults is remarkable, may do something much better—and we hope he will.

Gertrude, or Family Pride. By Mrs. Trollope. Three Vols. London: Hurst and Blackett, 1855.

A novel from the talented pen of the author of "The Barabbas" is sure to possess some of the most brilliant qualities of a good novel. We may reckon upon sharp delineations of character, instructive from the distinctness of the outline, and singularly entertaining from the grotesque, caricature-like aspect which they wear. We may further count upon rapid and decisive action, upon startling resolves and deeds, and upon sudden surprises, all calculated to heighten the interest of the story,—entwined with each other with such consummate skill and faithfulness to nature, as to remove all suspicion of improbability from the reader's mind. In the present instance the theme which she has chosen, that indicated by the title, "Family Pride," is admirably worked out in the portrait of the old Baron von Schwanderberg; and not only is that extravagant failing covered with the ridicule which it deserves, but the history of his daughter Gertrude, the pet and idol of his heart, conveys as stern a lesson as the most rigid of moralists could wish, as to the folly of ancestral pride. The object at which the author confessedly aims, is to place in strong contrast with the nobility of birth the nobility of mind and character. According to her creed the time is not far distant when the general spread of education will level the distances between different classes of society, a consummation which, though we cannot with our author look forward to it with hope, will, we fear, come to pass, and that quite as much through the supineness and empty inflation too often met with in the higher ranks, as through any effort of ambition on the part of the less favoured castes.

MILITARY BANDS IN THE LAST CENTURY.

We have before us a letter, dated July 2, 1763, written by the late Mr. W. J. Mattham, innkeeper of Lavenham, Suffolk, in which the following is an extract:—"We have had four companies of the West Middlesex Militia quartered upon us for three days, consisting of three officers and forty-nine men, who had the best band I ever heard. It is worth mentioning to those who are lovers of superior music. It consists of five clarionets, two French horns, one bugle horn, one trumpet, two bassoons, one bass drum, two triangles (the latter played by boys about nine years old), two tambourines (the former were broken) and the clasp-hans by a real blackamoor, a very active man who walked between the two mullions, which had a very grand appearance indeed. We may mention that Mr. Mattham was a much respected member of the small Suffolk troop of Yeomanry Cavalry, and a competent judge of horses, and that during a considerable part of the last century, it was customary in wealthy families to keep a black footman; we see this pleasantly illustrated by the "great painter of mankind," Hogarth:—whether, in the words of Mr. Mattham, it was considered to have "a good and appearane indeed," we are unable to say. It appears, however, we have met with the concurrance of Dr. Johnson, who kept a black servant, and bequeathed to him the greater part of his property. It was a practice disapproved of by Cobbett, who observed, in his characteristic manner, "Blacks don't smell like other people." The African race generally appear cheerful, contented, and happy, when under the sun. Many years since, being at New York, we observed the treatment of negroes employed in discharging the cargoes of vessels; on endeavouring to raise the respective bales of goods, one of the party commenced singing the first words of a sentence resembling a glee or catch; which, being responded to by the others, produced altogether a pleasing degree of harmony—reminding us of a couplet in Tusser's *Fite Hundred Points of Good Husbandry*:

"Those servants are mostly useful and good,
Who sing at their work, like birds in the wood."

The entire name of Versailles recalls the literary glories of an entire century. You cannot behold the Colosus of gold and marble, as some one has termed that gorgeous abode of Imperial Royalty, without calling before you all the worthies who contributed to the immortality of that single reign. It was in the Chapel of that Palace that Bossuet and Massillon proclaiming the divine nature of all earthly grandeur, and denounced the phanacy, the vices, and the corruptions of a Court. There is an air of Molire, of Racine, of Fontenelle, of Le Brun, of Le Puget, of Colbert, of Mansard, of Coyrel, of Despreaux, and a hundred others who have more than claims to immortality with the possessors of a sterner genius, and who were with the pen, pencil, or chisel, what Condé, Villars, Jean Bart, and Vauban were with the sword. No other Royal or Imperial abode has a character, so general, a renown, so comprehensive as Versailles. The old Louvre means Charles X., Fontainebleau, all over, Francis I.; St Germain tells of Louis XI.; Vincennes, as a Royal residence, brings before us Louis IX.; still stood where the sunken covers the remains of the combattants of July, who broke the stone shade of Louis XI. The Palais Royal, even as it stands now, reveals the debauchery of the Regency; the Palace of the Tuilleries tells the sad tale of the sufferings and the weakness of Louis XVI. No one beholds the Petit Trianon without sighing over the fate of the inspired Burke with his most beautiful description. Malmaison speaks of "History of Joseph" and of her Imperial husband; but Versailles brings before us to honor. It is not, such an abode, where literary and artistic grandeur, and a high place—it is not in that palace, restored by the patriotic and useful manifester of Louis Philippe, and consecrated by him, not to fame, but to all the glories of France,—it is not in that Museum-Palace, peopled as it is with *chefs d'œuvre* which the world admires and fraught with such noble associations, that men of letters, painters, statuaries, should be forgotten, or made to perish, for the favours of which they display as that which lately occurred on the capricious predilection of some palace functionary. Shut the man of letters and art from all other Imperial abodes, if you will, but Versailles is the place of genius, and his exclusion from it would be a sacrilege.

A French writer in *La Revue Contemporaine*, has recently claimed for France the credit of having produced the original of *Baron Munchausen's Travels*.

Progress of the War.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Camp before Sevastopol, Aug. 24.

Orders were given this morning that no officer or man should quit the camp. An attack is expected, and the army is on its guard. Large bodies of Russians have been seen to issue from the town, and it is thought they meditate an onslaught upon the Saratovians. It may possibly prove a false alarm, like many others that we have lately had. On the 21st, on returning to camp after sending off my despatch, I found the troops under arms. The enemy had been observed in motion on the heights beyond the Teaternaya. Now there are frequent & sudden recent alarms, but the *quiete* is becoming our habitual state. It is to be hoped that vigilance may not be relaxed at the moment when it is most needed. The general opinion seems to be that the Russians will make a second attempt on the Teaternaya line, combined probably with attacks on other points. It is thought they will come on in great force, and it is therefore desirable we should have strong reserves in readiness, in order that the ultimate triumph, on which we confidently reckon, may not be limited to the recapture of positions snatched by the first onset of overwhelming numbers. Such a result would be very welcome, but we should have some grounds for believing, the Russian troops are already partially demoralized, the loss of the Malakoff might so dishearten them as to draw the south side almost immediately into our hands. Its capture and the destruction of the ships would render a very large force in itself a powerful and numerous army—now employed in trenches disposable for operations elsewhere. A portion of these troops might then, by the aid of our fleet, be promptly conveyed to Eupatoria, where we already have 20,000 of the best Turks. Suppose we send off 40,000 men, say 30,000 English, and 10,000 Saratovians, to reinforce the garrison on the north side of Sebastopol, and keep the enemy in check down to the 1st of October, when should we form an army of between 50,000 and 60,000 effectives, which would give an excellent account of any Russian army attempting to retreat northwards. This plan I know to be considered by officers of high rank and great military knowledge and experience as perfectly feasible. We have abundance of transport, plenty of cavalry could be sent, and such a battle might be fought, such a victory obtained, as would eclipse the glories even of Alma and Inkermann; for it is to be observed that even those persons here who take the most sanguine view of the prospects of the siege are as clear-sighted as men can be in their driving before it in the field even superior forces of the Russians. And really when one notes the excellent condition of the troops, the cheerful, gallant, and loyal spirit that animates them, one cannot doubt that they would fulfil these high expectations; one can imagine no army, though it were twice their number, withstanding their onset, and one reflects with regret on their being kept here all the summer knocking their heads against stone walls, and against earth-works which are worse, expending their energies in the wearisome trench duty, and sighing in vain for motion and action in the field. There are still two months of good campaigning weather before us, and we can only hope they will be employed in such a way as to stow in some degree for the unprofitable manner in which spring and summer have been suffered to glide by.

CAMP ON THE TCHERNAYA, AUGUST 24.

Since I last wrote we have been kept in a state of continual suspense. Nearly every night there was an alarm, and for every morning an attack was predicted. Now suspicious lights, construed into signals, were seen on the heights occupied by the Russians; now unusual and inexplicable movements and large concentrations of troops were observed; now a deserter gave most minute information about an attack to take place the next day; and now again a similar came in hot haste, warning the allies to be on their guard against the forthcoming preparations of the Russians. The consequence of all this was, that we had to sleep with one eye shut, in order not to be taken unawares. Let me add, this evening, while I am writing to you, the usual warning has again been given with much more positiveness than ever. The information about the intended attack is more minute than usual. The Russians are said to be expecting the arrival of the two divisions of Grenadiers for to-night, and it is positively asserted that those latter arrived yesterday at Balaklava. But preparations of this kind are not the only ones made for the reception of the Russians. They have also convinced our gallant allies that, in a permanent position, in face of our troops, the enemy who may come down with his battalions in a few hours during the night, slight field fortifications are never *de trop*, as they guaranteed against a surprise. The position of the French is the most perfect of such strength that it offers in itself considerable difficulties to the advance of the enemy. The steep hillocks which they occupy, with the aqueduct at the foot of them, have no much to fear from a direct assault. The water, and the open space through which the road to it leads, are well adapted to the reduced state of the Teaternaya, which is nearly everywhere formidable, where the Teaternaya line was occupied, and where the river would still have formed a considerable obstacle to any advancing force, a small emplacement was constructed in front of the bridge; but this, as has now turned out, is of no use for the defenders, as it may be taken in rear by the enemy's infantry, which may cross at any point. Consequently, since the last attack three redoubts have been constructed, one on each arm of a third behind to enfilade the others. The names of these are—Raglan Redoubt, Buzot Redoubt (in honour of the fallen general of Engineers), and La Bussoniere Redoubt (in honour of the colonel of Artillery of that name, who fell on the 18th of June).

BOOKS FOR THE CRIMEA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "COLORED NEWS."

Sir.—I shall be obliged by your making public the following appeal to those who may desire to assist the army in the East:—During a long Crimean winter, the soldier who nobly endures all the trials of the trenches, and the thousand other severities of these snow-clad heights, deserves every comfort that can be afforded him, and not the least is that of an amusing library, to relieve the long heavy hours of the hut, or the sharp sufferings of the hospital. I therefore earnestly and confidently petition the large towns of England to help us, by making up boxes of amusing and instructive books, and thus fitly supply a people whose chief diversion is reading, a bookeller, would, I fear, have to depend on the way to the Crimea after a fortnight's labour. When I say well-filled, I do not mean crowded, as some were last year, with old annual reports of the many religious societies, almanacs of 1817, dark mysterious divinity, heavy controversial tracts, last volumes of novels, Armenian bibles, trigonometrical tables, Loo-choo grammars, pamphlets on turnpikes, &c., but nicely packed with tales, novels, biography, Chambers' many publications, Dickens' works, and such like, all which are read with intense pleasure. But I need not give any further explanation. What I want will be fully understood by all those who will enter easily upon the good work in behalf of the British army. It is risking his life for the honour of England and the welfare of all Europe on the heights above Sebastopol.

All boxes addressed "Rev. H. P. Wright, Principal Chaplain, Balaklava—Books for Army Library, Crimea," will be duly sent to Messrs. Hayter and Howell, Mark-lane, will be duly forwarded by that most attentive friend.

Your obedient servant,

H. P. WRIGHT, Principal Chaplain.

Head-quarters, Crimea, August 17.

INSURRECTION IN INDIA.

The Calcutta mail brings the startling intelligence of a serious insurrection in the heart of Bengal, which has not yet seen the light of an enemy's camp since the battle of Plassey. The Santals and other tribes occupying the Rajmahal hills have suddenly burst upon the plains, carrying fire and sword in every direction. Though it is said to be a general rising of the hill tribes, the Santals are described as the chief actors in this hostile movement. The insurgents are not ruthless plunderers, but a race of hardy, bold, and industrious agriculturists, and this circumstance renders them difficult to comprehend the movement. Some have asserted that they have been seduced by the British Government, and that the immediate occasion of the outbreak is similar to that of the insurrection at Cabul—the violence offered to their women; but the railway officers, who have been the severest sufferers by the insurrection, most positively deny having either oppressed or insulted the women. And the fact that the rebellion must have been planned for many months, and presents all the appearance of a complete organisation, is sufficient to contradict the theory of seduction. An apparently most probable cause appears to be a spirit of religion and political discontent, which has broken out among them. It is believed that their god has taken human form, and that they are commanded by a divine authority to expel the Europeans from India and seat him upon its throne. The number of the insurgents is variously stated at from 30,000 to 50,000, divided into four or five parties. They have burst upon the three districts of Bhagalpur, Moorshedabad, and Beerboom. They are armed with peculiarly formed axes, brightly polished, and bows (some latter poisoned), and a few muskets. Nothing was so little expected as such an outbreak; the country was reposing in absolute security, when suddenly the Hillmen had come down upon a Darogah and murdered him, and 15 of his native constables. They appear suddenly to have spread themselves over a country of more than 100 miles in extent, wounding the death of every European, burning down houses, and destroying property. From a number of letters, from various persons and various quarters, we have endeavoured to cull the most important and best authenticated facts, though it is impossible in such a mass of scattered information, when every one is flying in every direction, to obtain a clear and exact statement. The Hon. Ashley Eden, the joint magistrate at Arrungabad, has contrived to collect 200 armed men, with whom he is holding out against a large body of the insurgents, said to exceed 10,000, and it is hoped that he will be able to hold out till relieved by the troops marching to his aid. Mr. Mudge, employed on the railway, has written to Mr. Eden, that having plenty of guns and ammunition, he intended to make a stand at Pakoor; a subsequent letter stated that the number of insurgents marching on Pakoor exceeded 12,000. The rebels were expected to reach it before the attack. The Hon. magistrate at Bhagalpur has collected 1,000 men, and the surrounding country have entrenched themselves in Lepmahal, where they will doubtless be able to maintain their ground till the arrival of the Hill Rangers from Bhagalpur. The firm attitude maintained by this handful of Europeans appears to have checked the progress of the enemy, and it is therefore conjectured that they will not stand a shock with our regular troops. The engineers on the line of rail endeavoured to make a stand at one or two stations, but the stations were forced, and they were obliged to retreat. The only effectual check which the rebels have as yet received was from Major-General Macpherson, who has fled, with the aid of his friends, in defending his factory and driving off the enemy. There can be no doubt that several Europeans have been murdered, but we will not particularise their names; lest the information should prove incorrect and inflict a fortnight's distress on their relatives. Two ladies, however, Mrs. Thomas and Miss Pell, who were travelling in Palanquins, fell into their hands and were barbarously massacred. The body of Mrs. Thomas was found on the road, nearly uncovered, with the head and one leg also severed from the body. It is reported that the Santals have surrounded Jangorepore and that they are in imminent danger. The most energetic measures have been taken to bring up troops to quell the insurrection. Bengal has been in profound tranquillity for so long a period that there were scarcely more than 1,000 troops within a range of 150 miles of the scene of revolt when it broke out. As soon as information reached Berhampore, Mr. Toogood, the magistrate, made a requisition for troops on the commandant, and a wing of the regiment started with him, and by the last account was within eight miles of one of the enemy's encampments. Three companies were sent out from Barrackpore by express train to the point nearest the disturbed district, and were sent back again. The only effective check which the rebels have as yet received was from Major-General Macpherson, who has fled, with the aid of his friends, in defending his factory and driving off the enemy. There can be no doubt that several Europeans have been murdered, but we will not particularise their names; lest the information should prove incorrect and inflict a fortnight's distress on their relatives.

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We cannot but condemn the practice, which is now becoming annoyingly prevalent, of autograph hunting. Of this class of beggarly letter-writers there are two varieties. First, there is the applicant in the first stage of his disorder, who is forming a collection of autographs (sometimes, when rather ashamed of his hobby, he is doing it for a lady), and is most anxious to add your name to those of the numerous distinguished individuals who have already favoured him. His own handwriting is youthful, and he probably incloses a postage-stamp, and dwells in the country. He may be reclaimed! The most difficult delinquent to deal with is the more experienced gatherer, who veils his object so carefully and does his spirit so gently that it is almost impossible to detect him. His forms are as varied as Proteus, his disguises as numerous as those of Videoc or Bampylide Moore Carew. He probably does not write in his own name, but borrows an address, like "A. B. at the Coffee-house," and fires away his paper pellet at you in perfect security. This is the gentleman who, if you are in Parliament, is so desirous to hear you in the debate on Wednesday, and would feel greatly indebted for your order for that evening. He is that worthy who has read your last work with such unfeigned delight as to feel compelled to run the risk of intruding by inquiring if the incidents are not founded on fact; or who admires your exquisite verses so much as to be most anxious to have your permission to set them to music. This is that amateur of Art, whom you never heard of, who takes the liberty of requesting an order of *entrée* to your picture gallery; and likewise the gentleman of theatrical tastes who would be so much obliged if you would tell him how old you are to settle a wager. Foreign celebrities who are simple and compliant he hunts down immediately on their arrival, and would, indeed, pursue them to their homes but—for the postage. *Au reste*, he has a horror of private secretaries, and is merciless in his denunciation of the practice of people writing in the third person instead of signing their names. We remember an enterprising and alert collector of this class securing a most interesting series of letters, from the whole bench of Bishops, all the serious Peers temporal, and half the Lower House, by lithographing, at the time of Papal aggression, a contemporary copy of the Declaration of the Seven Bishops, and begging their acceptance of a fac-simile of that document, "so interesting to every true Protestant." It was probably in consequence of an application which was addressed by one of these gentry to Southey for his autograph, for the avowed purpose of illustrating the abuse of him in the English Bards, that the Laureate made an onslaught upon the Guild in the following notice in his "Essay on the Lives and Writings of Uneducated Poets":—"I give notice that I have entered into a society for the discouragement of autograph collectors, which society will not be dissolved until the Legislature in its wisdom shall have taken measures for suppressing that troublesome and increasing sect!"

Hitherto, so far as we remember, Middlesex, the metropolitan county—and certainly as rich in subjects of antiquarian and historical interest as any other county in Great Britain—had no special body of archaeologists devoted to the care and preservation of its monuments. A fact so curious is perhaps explained by the assumption that the metropolitan county must necessarily claim the chief care of the Royal Society of Antiquaries, and its subsidiary bodies, the Archeological Institute and the Archaeological Association. Such, however, is not the case. These societies display a certain—or we may more truly say an uncertain—activity in the investigation of historical antiquities generally; but we are not aware that they charge themselves specially with any care of metropolitan monuments. For example—there is the Tower. Of all the monuments of past times in England, the Tower of London is the first in interest. Indeed, it has no competitor. Its story is the history of England—a history of its court and of its people, and of its best men and most beautiful women—of its wars, its pageants, its insurrections, its conquests, its reverses—of its manners, its arts, its arms, its laws, its religion, almost of its literature. Every room in the Tower is a record, every stone is monumental. Yet in our own day parts of this precious edifice have been dug up, thrown down, carted away and rebuilt—walls have been scraped and inscriptions removed by ignorant men, without a word of protest, so far as we know, from these learned bodies. Care of the Tower would alone justify the establishment of a Middlesex Archaeological Society. Then, there are—Brentford, a world in itself for the antiquary—Crosby Hall—the old prisons—Westminster Abbey—Old London Bridge—Old Change—Old St. Paul's—St. John's Gate—The Charterhouse—and a hundred others equally curious and important, most of which are still open to a good deal of documentary and other illustration. Such a work demands earnest workers; and we are glad to announce a proposal to establish a society for the purpose of assisting to investigate and preserve these Middlesex records of our past life. Lord Londesborough has accepted the office of President, and Mr. G. B. Webb that of provisional Secretary.

The "Monte Christo" episode, on which we remarked last week, has advanced a little. M. Dumas denies the "soft impeachment." Nobody has left him a fortune; he regrets—for the sake of his creditors—that the story is not true. An ingenuous story was written some years ago in Paris in which a serviceable friend spreads a report of a fortune having been left to a fellow who is overwhelmed with debts; whereupon tailors, wine dealers, bakers, all sorts of people rush upon him, not with their little bills, but with offers of larger supplies; shoes, clothes, wine, money, everything pours in upon the imaginary legitimate. The more he denies his good fortune, the more firmly they believe in it. Brokers buy stock in his name without his knowledge; and win for him a real fortune without his consent. He grows rich in spite of himself, the report of a legacy answering all the purposes of a real legacy. Stories, however, are only stories. M. Dumas' experience of an imaginary bequest seems to have been quite different from that of the hero of the Martinique romance. Report assigned him an income of 300,000 francs, and instead of his creditors coming to offer more, they sent him demands to the extent of 163,000 francs. Instead of congratulations, he is pestered with duns. Poor M. Dumas! He hopes that some good old soul will take the hint and leave him something handsome. Small matters are useless. With creditors waiting for 163,000 francs it is clear that less than that amount might as well be thrown into the Seine—in which not a little of M. Dumas' property already lies.

Nota Bene.

[SEPTEMBER 8, 1855.]

STREETS OF LONDON.



SAINT PAUL'S CATHEDRAL FROM CANNON STREET WEST.

These splendid improvements now point on in the capitals of other countries—particularly in that of France, provoke unpleasant comparisons with the slow march of similar affairs in London. We come almost to the conclusion, that a despotism has, after all, some good points. It has at least the merit of overleaping petty obstacles, and of going straight up to a point, which in freer communities it is next to impossible to reach by the wavering policy of public bodies. Yet, let us not rashly draw a political axiom from a comparison between London and Paris. London is an anomaly. There is no city in the world like it for size, grandeur, and importance; its very uniqueness makes it unwieldy and backward in improvement. Perhaps there is another reason for its inertia.

Nowhere do authorities cling so tenaciously to old usages. On the late occasion of a lord mayor being inducted into office, it was mentioned as a matter of pride, that the forms of procedure were six hundred years old. How odd it seems when reforms of one kind or other have been effected all over the country in reference to the wants of modern society, that in the metropolis of the empire, there now prevail exactly the same modes of civic government as existed in the thirteenth century!—and a part of the thing, too! If there be any known, the people of London do not care to fit these antiquated absurdities—they don't think of them; and if their attention is called to the subject, they talk of city government, and everything belonging to it, with something like contempt. Sure enough, there is no want of desire in the metropolis to set things to rights; but such is the everlasting bustle of occupation—the struggle for life, and the struggle for money—that nobody has any time to spare on public business. And so, unless we get hold of some committee of citizens, who will be bold enough to tolerate such a scheme as the Newgate-market, which no city but London would have tolerated, we may wait a long time! A grand scheme this central thoroughfare, any way it may be devised, and we only wish we saw it realised. The expense, however, is generally imagined, would be unendurable. We do not quite agree in thinking this a valid excuse for civic indolence.

Looking to the enormous sum at which building ground has been sold in Cannon Street West—the site of one edifice being disposed of, as is said, at a ground-rent of £1,200 per annum—and looking to the similar sum at which the same street will be cleared, we apprehend that much of the outlay would be repaid by sales of land for new buildings. Supposing, however, that there was a shortcoming in this department, on what better object, we should like to know, could the funds of the city be employed? or for what could a certain rate on property be more properly levied? The public, it is clear, would be the recipients of the benefit, and on the public must the burden fall in some form or other. At all events, it is surely time that the extension in question, along with other improvements incident to this important change, should be entered upon with as little delay as possible.

Before we talk of "The Unfinished Street" it is necessary that every one should distinctly understand what is meant by "The Unfinished Street," or it would have been much better if "The Unfinished Street" had never, never, been begun. We have nothing to do with those long rows of uniform three-tiered, and shortly to be "desirable tenements" where thick-limbed tradesmen run up and down tall ladders, and the hammer thunders, and the trowel rings from six in the morning till six at night. These builders are, with heavy penalties, bound down to complete his work by a certain date; and the stacks of yellow bricks and the mounds of grey mortar that half block up the road show that the capitalist has secured his pecuniary interest in the property as a thing to leave to his children. The Roman centurion, who, on the public-hall at the one end, and decorations of the bakers' shop at the other, are brown and wet; whilst one half of the huge vase that crowns the middle house seems mildewing into whiteness. But the bona fide "Unfinished Street" is a very different kind of affair. London had many such streets at one time, but they are fast vanishing. Railways appear to have a wondrous faculty of creating inhabitants—we know they do traffic—and by consequence comes a demand for houses wherein the new-comers may dwell. But go to town to town, and you will find, that degree of a power, let it carry through means with a vigour which everybody admires. And if the corporation can not do this, why should it not be superseded; and a real working seat of authority established in its stead? Some such finale has indeed been talked of—perhaps planned as a practicability. But this being the age of parliamentary talking, the six-hundred-year-old phantom remains in occupation of Guildhall as in the days of yore; and it is needless to say anything more about it.

Reverting

to Cheapside—what we should like to see done is the extension of that thoroughfare right along Paternoster Row, and so onwards across the Old Bailey and Farringdon Street; then, continuing westwards as a central thoroughfare. No doubt, this extension has long been contemplated. Sixteen or twenty years ago, the city, or some body, bought the old Fleet Prison, and pulling it down, left the site ready for street operations. There, till this day, however, is the site lying useless—a good number of thousands sunk, as it were, in improving it. Perhaps there is another reason for its inertia.

Nowhere do authorities cling so tenaciously to old usages. On the late occasion of a lord mayor being inducted into office, it was mentioned as a matter of pride, that the forms of procedure were six hundred years old. How odd it seems when reforms of one kind or other have been effected all over the country in reference to the wants of modern society, that in the metropolis of the empire, there now prevail exactly the same modes of civic government as existed in the thirteenth century!—and a part of the thing, too! If there be any known, the people of London do not care to fit these antiquated absurdities—they don't think of them; and if their attention is called to the subject, they talk of city government, and everything belonging to it, with something like contempt. Sure enough, there is no want of desire in the metropolis to set things to rights; but such is the everlasting bustle of occupation—the struggle for life, and the struggle for money—that nobody has any time to spare on public business. And so, unless we get hold of some committee of citizens, who will be bold enough to tolerate such a scheme as the Newgate-market, which no city but London would have tolerated, we may wait a long time!

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Reverting

to the country, and looking like arms, which the town has stretched out to grasp the country, but which have withered in the rash attempt. The place begins respectably enough, the road is sound and whole; but follow it a little way and you will find the flagstones of the pavement exhibiting occasional gaps, till at last they cease altogether, and apparently decline to lend their convenience to a road which itself has deteriorated from a respectable carriage-way into a muddy expanse, full of puddles, and which finally becomes a dirty country lane. As with the road with the houses. Three or four on each side are occupied, and, perhaps, half of them inhabited. To these succeed habitations advanced to all but furnishing, and exhibiting hills which tell you they are to let, but sedulously avoid inviting you to inquire within. At the point the existence of area railings generally terminates, and if you look through the windows of the houses you see the doors off their hinges, and the mantelpieces are either lying on the floor, in sheer despair of ever getting warmed in the legitimate way, or have been removed entirely. Thenceforward the decline of building is rapid: first, shells of houses, with boards nailed up in the place of street doors; then from and back walls pierced with loopholes to represent windows, but utterly destitute of flooring; and the last building of all has only reached the first-floor height, and a bit of scaffolding clings to what they once hoped to have helped to raise, the foundations to the rest of the street gap on the edge of the fields, serving now as a place of play for children, and a cemetery for the dead dogs and cats of the neighbourhood. The very lamp-posts are separate in gradual decay, and the lampposts and success; they are like all other lamp-posts at the beginning; but get rusty, and lose first their lamps, and then their very bases, towards the end. The inhabitants of such an "Unfinished Street" are usually influenced in their selection of their domicile by sterling motives of economy. The agent for the estate is a great family, and living rent-free in one of the houses is a great consideration to him. The people at the corner, with the crooked window-curtains, found a habitation which suited their limited means, without any thought of giving out of the route of the society of the place; and their opposite neighbours—would they only confess!—had but the same motive in locating themselves at the beginning; but get rusty, and lose first their lamps, and then their very bases, towards the end. The old gentleman next door, with the geraniums crowding his window-sills, was induced, long ago, to take the house on a lease, and he thinks he may as well take it at both ends, as it calls for. The last arrival was that of a ruined merchant, with his wife and children, and who was only too glad to find a house to shelter him, and is thankful it may yet be so. His neighbours know all about him. The wonder is for a long whilst reading in the *Times*, they saw his name among the list of bankrupts. But it is not only for these that, in looking on an "Unfinished Street," we feel regret. Our thoughts involuntarily turn to those who projected and those who built it. With such subjects are always connected histories of blighted hopes and ruined fortunes, which, however, cannot be dwelt upon, are but the oft-repeated and too fully realized episodes of everyday life. Perhaps the street emanated from him whose name the place still bears, who lived a wealthy man and died a poor one, leaving but such unfinished projects for future wealth as a heritage for his children. Perhaps it was the creation of some specious speculator, whose only aim was likely to take care of number one, and who left the Street to shift for themselves. In such a case the "Unfinished Street" has led many to sorrow; and that has been its only punishment. With its rotting carcasses it is, as it were, the churchyard of bricks and mortar. For the sake of those who are most nearly connected with the progress of the "Unfinished Street," we can only hope that the intended conclusion may follow very shortly from the existing premises.

The North-Eastern Railway Company have made arrangements for giving the clerks in their various offices a fortnight's holiday in each year. Their pay is to go on during their absence, and they may have a free pass over all the company's lines.

There is an establishment in New York extensively engaged in manufacturing shirt-collars of paper. It is stated that one thousand an hour are turned off by machinery, and that they bear such a close resemblance to linen collars that the difference can only be discovered by tearing the article.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE AT SYDENHAM.



THE MILITARY BAND PLAYING IN THE GROUNDS OF THE PALACE.

LET those who are in the habit of speaking lightly and depreciatingly of the working-classes—of their thoughtlessness and want of frugality, try to refresh their memories with the efforts those classes have been making for at least thirty years, to procure from the legislature a comprehensive and equitable law for the regulation of the manufacture of chimney-pots. We do not doubt, in fact, that, in spite of the obvious and serious defects in all the Friendly Society Acts hitherto passed, there exist nearly 35,000 such societies, comprising nearly 3,250,000 members, who subscribe no less than £5,000,000 a year, and who possess a capital fund of nearly £11,500,000. We do not in this mean to imply that there is not thoughtlessness, recklessness, or profligacy to be found in the ranks of the industrious portion of the community; but in what rank of Society shall we not find this, more or less? What we mean to say is, that the statistics of the友好的 Society, a combination of mutual assistance, each keeping a collection of unchristianities and improvidence as a characteristic of the working-classes, as that we have referred to. The Odd Fellows and the Foresters constitute no small section of the provident societies now in operation, for providing relief to the members in sickness, and aid to their families when the head of it shall be snatched away by death. Of the positive or relative numbers of these we can give no exact account; but, however, and, though hitherto proscribed by law, or, perhaps, should be so, depriv'd of its protection, chily in consequence of their being what the Freemasons are—a secret body—they have, upon the whole, managed their very extensive districts and courts with judgment and honesty, and have been the means of conferring incalculable benefits upon thousands and thousands of families. To mingle with large masses of these men upon one of their society fest days, is, I confess, an instructive withdrawal. One can see them in their moments, and take note of their demeanour; and if we find them bringing wives and children to participate in the enjoyment, and this notwithstanding the bounds of prudence, one goes from amongst them with a conviction, that they are in the right course, and that he does well who lends them a helping hand, or even gives them encouragement. Such a festival we entered into at the Crystal Palace, at the anniversary of the Courts constituting the London district of the Ancient Order of Foresters. Of the numbers present, we could form no estimate, because all those entitled to it did not don the "clothing" of the order. We were informed that there were, in the palace and grounds, a few short of 11,000; and we can readily believe from what was observed of the previous lens, that the remaining space, in the vicinity of the nearly 30,000 persons there, in the course of the day, there were upwards of 10,000 belonging to the ancient fraternity. On the opening day, undoubtedly, the Crystal Palace exhibited more splendour and beauty; but, above all, it was graced with the presence of the Queen; and, on that day, there was less of real deep and heartfelt enjoyment, fewer joyous faces and interchanges of affectionate solicitude for one another's pleasure. Many of those present had evidently never seen that wonderful building, with its magnificently decorated marvellous collection of sculptures, fountains, pictures, and pleasure grounds—its resuscitated wonders of an antediluvian era, and its mediæval memorials of our own; and it was pleasant to note the enjoyment which these wonders gave, as it was in some cases difficult to note the expressions of surprise they called forth. Altogether, the day was full of pleasure. By the way we cannot quit the subject of the Crystal Palace without giving our readers a few suggestions as to the best way of seeing it. Presuming them to have reached it, no matter on what side they may enter the building, our advice is, immediately to proceed to the western side of the centre transept; and, examining the two colossal horses turn to the left through the Ancient Art Court, and then examine in rotation the Egyptian, Grecian, Roman, and

Alhambra Courts, and the Colossal Nubian Shrine; after this, the Assyrian Court. The visitor will then have reached the north end of the Palace. Turning to the right, you pass through the Refreshment Rooms, and a famous group of Indians, representing a panther about to spring onto the party. Elgin Marbles and other stonework, and quantities of arranged flower-beds. A little to the left are the apartments of her Majesty, and the picture of Sir Joseph (then Mr.) Paxton, explaining to Prince Albert his plan for the original building in Hyde Park. The right wing of the Palace is now entered, when you return and examine the east, or garden side. Passing by the Avenue of Sphinxes, you reach the Byzantine Court, then follow the German Gothic, English, or National, French and Italian Gothic, Renaissance, &c., then the Italian, and a small Indian Court, whence you come to an open court designed to receive illustrations of each period of the Christian era. You then cross again the grand transept, and, noticing the Historical Portrait Gallery, pass on to another open court containing the best works of modern French and Italian artists, when you visit the Industrial Courts in the following order:—The French Court, Mixed Fabrics, Printed Fabrics, and Musical Instruments. You then come to the collection of Natural History of the Old World, under the south transept, in the centre of which will be recognized Mr. Oster's fountain, famous as being the centre ornament of the old Crystal Palace. Passing the statue of Charles I., from Charing Cross, you reach the Pompeian House; thence to the Sheffield and Birmingham Departments, through an open space of 1000 feet. During this space, without the loss of time, you pass the Stationery Court; thence, to the Coining Press of Messrs. Pinches and Son. Next visit the Hardware and Mineral Manufactures, situated at the back of the Sheffield, Birmingham, and Stationery Courts, and returning, examine the collections of furniture. You will now reach the English and German Sculpture Department, in which the colossal head of Bavaria and the immense statue of Franken will at once astonish you. The nave should now be visited. Commencing with the statue of Hercules, situated at the north-west corner of the great hall, you proceed, turning the west, or road side, of the north porch. You then cross to the east, or garden side, and proceed southward till you arrive at the historical screen, when you turn to the right, and complete the examination by noticing the objects situated on the west, or road side of the south have. This done you ascend the staircase near the west side of the centre transept, and passing northward will be seen a collection of photographic prints; then, copies of the old paintings found in the caves of the Ajunta, in India; then a collection of Chinese manufactures and antiquities, and passing along this gallery, a film of the cedar seated figure from the tomb of Asoka Simboul, in Nubia; then, more photographic prints, various metals, substances used as food, clothing, leather, India-rubber, and philosophical instruments, perfume, &c. The second and third tiers of galleries may now be reached; and descending on the east or garden side of the great transept, pass to the basement story, where the machinery, carriages, and agricultural implements are exhibited; thence to the TERRACES, and through the grounds to the GEOLOGICAL ISLANDS and RESTORED ANTIQUARIAN MONSTERS.

The Duke of Northumberland has added to his former thoughtful kindness to the fishermen of his county a plan for making them swimmers, to give them an additional chance of escape if wrecked. A teacher of swimming is now instructing the fishermen on the coast.

THE ROAD TO THE TRENCHES.

"Leave me, comrades—here I drop.
No, sir, take them on.
All are wanted—none should stop;
Duty must be done.
Those whose lot you take will find me
As a soldier's bold."

So the soldier spoke, and staggering,
Fell amid the snow,
And ever on the dreary heights,
Down came the snow.

"Men, it must be as he asks;
Duty must be done:
Far a few for half our tasks;
We are spared.
Wrath him not in this: I need it less:
Fear not.—They shall know.
Mark the place—you stunted larch,
Forward!" On they go;
And silent on their silent march,
Down sank the snow.

O'er his features as he lies,
Calm as the wrench of pain:
Close, faint eyes; pass, cruel skies,
Freezing mountain plain.
With far soft sounds the stillness tems;
Church bells—voices low,
Passing into English dreams;
There amid the snow:
And darkening, thickening, o'er the heights,
Down fell the snow.

Looking, looking for the mark,
Down the others came
Struggling through the snowdrifts stark,
Calling out his name.
"Herr or there? the drifts are deep:
Have we passed?" No!
Look, a little growing heap—
Snow above the snow—
Where heavy on his heavy sleep,
Down fell the snow.

Strong hands raised him; voices strong
Spoke within his ears.
Ah! his dreams had softer tongue—
Neither now he hears.
One more gone for England's sake—
Where so many go—
Lying down, without complaint,
Dying in the snow:
Starving, striving, for her sake,
Dying in the snow.
Simply dying, his soldier's part
Through long months of woe;
All endured with soldier heart—
Battle, famine, snow:
Noble, nameless, English heart,
Snow-cold in snow.

HERO P.

The Past Week.

Sept. 2.—Fire of London, 1666.—Perhaps the most important event which ever happened in the metropolis, whether it be considered in reference to its immediate effects or its remote consequences, was the Great Fire, which broke out in the morning of Sunday, Sept. 2, 1666. Being impelled by strong winds, and the old city being principally built of wood, it raged with irresistible fury nearly four days and nights; nor was it completely got under till the fifth morning. The destructive extent of this conflagration was, perhaps, never exceeded in any part of the world by any fire originating in accident. Within the walls it consumed almost five-sixths of the whole city; and without the walls it cleared a space nearly as extensive as the one-sixth part left unburned within. Scarcely a single building that stood within the range of the flames was left standing. Public buildings, churches, and dwelling-houses were either reduced into common fate. It may be fairly stated, that the fire extended its ravages over a space of ground equal to an oblong measuring upwards of a mile in length and half a mile in breadth. The amount of property destroyed was reckoned at £10,000,000 sterling.

3.—*Oliver Cromwell, died 1658.*

Parini, born 1724. This esteemed poet and most excellent man was not only one of the first gentlemen of the age, but a pure philanthropist. When the government of his country was changed, and a republic first instituted under the protection of the French arms, Milan became the scene of very natural excitement, and occasionally of violence. The people had been too long deprived of liberty to be able to bear their new condition with moderation. Things even went so far that a young and beautiful girl was seen to ascend the republican tribune, and to promise her virgin-love to the man who should bring in the hand of that foe to liberty—the poor old Pope; and the father of this virago was seen to embrace her with transport and tears excited by this heroic virtue! It was at this time that some violent demagogue tried to force Parini, one night at the theatre, to join the mob in crying "death to the aristocrats!" "Long live the Republic," exclaimed the poet. "Life to the Republic, but death to no one!" In an instant tranquillity was restored.

4.—*Home, the Author of Douglas, died 1808.*

Death of General Koningsmark, 1714. This brave officer and intrepid general, it is said, never experienced the sensation of fear but once, and the occasion was ludicrous. Charles Gustavus was besieging Prague, when a boor of most extraordinary visage desired admittance to his tent, and being allowed entrance, offered, by way of amusing the king, to devour a whole hog, weighing two hundred weight, in his presence. The old General Koningsmark, who stood by the king's side, and who, soldier as he was, had not got rid of the prejudices of his childhood, hinted to his royal master that the peasant ought to be burnt as a sorcerer. "Sir," said the fellow, irritated at the remark, "if your majesty will make that old gentleman take off his sword and his spurs I will eat him before your face, before I begin the pig." General Koningsmark (at the head of a body of Swedes) had performed wonders against the Austrians, and who was looked upon as one of the bravest men of the age) could not stand this proposal, especially as it was accompanied by a most hideous and preternatural expansion of the fribal peasant's jaws. Without uttering a word the veteran suddenly turned round, ran out of the court, and thought not himself safe until he had arrived at his quarters.

5.—*Lopez d'Avena, born 1515.* This gallant Spaniard is recorded in the Apophthegms of Ruffo, and is a rare instance of a man who could keep the affections of his mind under extraordinary command. He was called out from his tent by a sudden alarm. His servants armed him in great haste, and although he told them that his helmet pained him exceedingly, they insisted that it could not be fitted better. The brave Lopez had not leisure to contest the point: he rushed into the combat, fought with success, and at his return, unlacing his casque, and throwing it down on the ground together with his bloody car, "There," said he mildly to his awkward valets, "was I not right when I told you how much you hurt me in putting on my helmet?"

Old St. Bartholomew.

6.—*Bucher died 1819.*

7.—Dr. Johnson born 1709. Dr. Johnson was born in the city of Litchfield, where his father was a bookseller. Having received the elements of learning at his native place, he was sent at the age of nineteen to Pembroke College, Oxford, by a gentleman who engaged to maintain him there as a companion to his son. After some time, however, he withdrew his aid; and Johnson, having made an ineffectual attempt to subsist on his own resources, found himself obliged to discontinue his residence before obtaining a degree. He had already, however, during the period he spent at the university, obtained a high reputation for scholarship and abilities. For many succeeding years the life of this distinguished luminary of English literature was one of those hard struggles with poverty which learning and genius have so often been called on to sustain. About the time that he left college, namely, in 1731, his father died, leaving scarcely twenty pounds behind him. Thus situated, Johnson was constrained to accept the office of usher at the grammar-school of Market Bosworth. But the treatment to which he was subjected soon forced him to give up this appointment. He now attempted in succession various projects of a literary nature, in order to escape from the extreme indigence. In 1735 he married Mrs. Porter, the widow of a mercer, who brought him a fortune of about £800; and with this money he opened a boarding-school at Edial. But the scheme met with no success. He then determined to set out for London; and here accordingly he arrived in March 1737, accompanied by a young friend, who had been one of his pupils, David Garrick, who afterwards became the greatest actor that the modern world had seen. The first employment which he obtained was from the proprietors of the Gentleman's Magazine. But the emoluments he derived from this source were very insufficient to afford him a respectable subsistence; and he was often without a shilling to procure him bread during the day, or a lodging wherein to lay his head at night. These difficulties clung to him for a long while, but they did not prevent him from gradually working his way to literary distinction. His reports of parliamentary debates, inserted in the Gentleman's Magazine, which were often almost entirely original compositions of his own, attracted a great deal of notice; but it was not till long afterwards that their authorship was generally known. The year after his arrival in the metropolis, he published his poem, entitled "London," in imitation of the third Satire of Juvenal. This production had the honour of being commended in very warm terms by Pope. In 1743 appeared his eloquent and striking life of his friend Savage. Three years after he was engaged by an association of booksellers to prepare a new Dictionary of the English Language. This celebrated work occupied the greater part of his time for seven years, and at last appeared in 1755, after the money, 1500 guineas, which it had been agreed should receive for his labour, was all spent. It brought him, however, a large share of public applause and at once placed his name among the first of the living cultivators of English language. Meanwhile, even before the appearance of his Dictionary, he had by various occasional productions been

steadily advancing himself in reputation, although not in wealth. In 1749 he gave to the world his imitation of Juvenal's tenth Satire, under the title of "The Vanity of the Human Wishes." The same year his tragedy of Irene, which he had brought with him when he first came to town, was produced at Drury Lane by his friend Garrick. In March, 1750, he commenced the publication of "The Rambler," which he continued for two years at the rate of two papers every week, the whole, with the exception of only five numbers, being the production of his own pen. These and other works, however, failed in relieving him from the pressure of great pecuniary difficulties, as is proved by the fact, that in 1756 he was arrested for a debt of about five pounds, and only obtained his liberty by borrowing the money from a friend. In 1758 he began a new periodical publication, to which he gave the name of "The Idler," and which like "The Rambler," he carried on for about two years. In 1759 his mother, to whom he was tenderly attached, died at an advanced age; and having gone down to Litchfield to superintend her funeral, he there wrote his beautiful romance of Rasselas in a single week, whilst his parent lay unburied, in order to obtain the means of defraying the expenses of his interment. This may well be characterised as the finest anecdote that is to be told of Dr. Johnson; for the whole range of biography scarcely records anything more noble or affecting. At last, in 1762, the Crown was advised to bestow upon him a pension of £300 per annum; an act of bounty which placed him for the rest of his life in ease and affluence. After this he distinguished himself as much by the brilliancy and power of his conversation in the literary circles and general society which he frequented, as by his labours with his pen; but still he was far from relinquishing authorship. In 1763 appeared a new edition of Shakespeare, in the superintendence of which he had been long engaged, and the splendid preface to which is one of the most celebrated of his productions. In 1773 he published the well known account of his "Journey to the Western Isles of Scotland," which he had just accomplished in company with his friend Boswell. In 1775 he received the degree of LL.D. from the University of Oxford; and in 1781 he brought to a close the last, and perhaps, upon the whole, the greatest of his works, his "Lives of the Poets," in four volumes octavo. He survived this publication only a few years, and, having died on the 13th of December, 1784, in the seventy-sixth year of his age, he was interred with great solemnity in Westminster Abbey, in a grave next to that of his friend Garrick.

Notwithstanding considerable heat of temper and arrogance of manner, as well as some weak prejudices and singularities by which he was marked, it is impossible to deny that the moral character of Dr. Johnson abounded in noble points, or to regard it upon the whole with other feelings than those of admiration and reverence.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

B. O. F. (BRIGHTON).—We cannot insert your article. Our pages are not intended to be made vehicles for slander. In the revolting period when certain monthly and weekly organs of the Tox press assumed the right to vindicate the principles of loyalty and religion,—when Theodore Hook, Prof. Wilson, and Dr. Mayne offered themselves to be the avenging furies, no man's honour—no woman's good name—was safe. Neither rank nor obscurity shielded the victim from their malice. No life was too blameless for reproach. No career was too noble for scandal. The men of this school invented foul anecdotes; and their delight was to blast general characters. Writers whom these men encouraged by their example were not content with honest differences. They thought nothing to denounce a public servant as incapable, if they could not add that he had probably robbed the treasury. If a bishop offended them, they not only described him as a bad preacher and a heretic, but also as a lover of drink and a frequenter of evil places. If they reviewed a poet out of their own clique, they said, by way of wretched smartness, that his verses were bad and his morals worse—that he took liberties with the muses and neglected his children. And so it ran throughout. Poetic injustice never contended their revenge; and an enemy seldom escaped from under their hands until he had been made to violate every precept in the Decalogue.

BARRY HOLT (SYDNEYHAM).—In due course—perhaps about the middle of October.

JACET TAR (PORTSEA).—We quite agree with you. Why not give Lord Dundonald's plan a trial? If Sweaborg, or even Cronstadt, should be demolished, the public would not care much whether it had been done according to the received principles of military tactics, or the rules of professional etiquette. We have been spending a vast deal of money upon sending out in successive years two Baltic fleets, which have done next to nothing, and we might surely incur a small outlay for the purpose of testing the merit of plans which promise certain and speedy success.

LOOKING GLASSES.—THE COMMERCIAL PLATE GLASS COMPANY, Managers CHARLES MCLEAN, 78, 79, 80, Fleet-street, and 183, Oval-street, invite the names and the numbers, very respectfully, of the nobility, the gentry, and the public, to examine their magnificent stock of CHIMNEY, CONSOLE, and PIER GLASSES, framed in every variety of style; console, centre, and pier tables; solid mahogany tables, card-tables, girandoles, &c. The public will find on inspection that this Company are the only ones now manufacturing, supply looking glasses, and distast-glass and warrant. Estimating glass over England, free of expense.—May be had gratis, and sent free by post, large sheets of drawings, pictures, picture frames, cornices, console tables, &c.

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The Colored News.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1855.

PUBLIC attention has lately been drawn to the imprisonment of two Essex labourers, named Collins, who were sentenced by a country magistrate—the Rev. George Hemmings—to fourteen days hard labour, for having wilfully absented themselves from their work in the hayfield, and thereby causing their master's hay to be spoiled. The sentence is not complained of as being illegal; and it has, moreover, after a revision of the circumstances of the case, been confirmed by the authorities at the Home Office. It is, however, denounced as an unreasonable—a vindictive—and a malicious sentence;—a view in support of which two circumstances are pleaded. One of them is, that the object for which the two men left

their work was to witness the review of the Essex Yeomanry. This accounts for the warmth with which the case has been taken up by Major Palmer, who, looking at the world with a professional eye, clearly thinks the better of a man for preferring a grand military spectacle to the dull and monotonous occupation of haymaking. The other circumstance strongly dwelt on by those who impugn the sentence, is the fact that the magistrate who inflicted it is a clergyman, a fact which, in the minds of the rabble, invariably induces an unfavourable bias. Confining ourselves to this last fact, we are unable to understand what the clerical character of the magistrate has to do with the question whether the sentence be, or be not, too severe. If it was a just and suitable sentence, it was the duty of the clerical, as it would have been that of the lay magistrate, to inflict it; and he would have been unworthy to be in the commission of the peace if he had allowed the fact of his being in Holy Orders, to interfere with the proper exercise of his magisterial functions. If the sentence was not justifiable, we cannot see that it makes any difference whether the person pronouncing it, was or was not a clergyman. A layman might have committed the same error of judgment, or fallen into the same excess of severity. It will, we suppose, be contended that necessarily, by virtue of their professional views and habits, clergymen are more prone to undue severity than their non-clerical neighbours. To be sure it is made a matter of complaint against the clergymen, that in his letter of explanation to the Home Office he adverted to the refusal of the two men to offer any apology for their conduct, or to own that they had done wrong. Yet, if the sentence was in itself a proper one, it must be admitted that the refusal to admit themselves to have been in fault, or to express any regret for the loss they had caused to their employer, was a good and sufficient reason why the magistrate should not mitigate, nor the Home Office remit, the penalty which the law has affixed to their offence. As to the policy, generally, of combining the functions of the civil magistrate with the clerical office, that is a question which has nothing to do with the present inquiry. If it is practicable, we do not hesitate to say that it ought to be avoided, but in country districts, where the clergyman is often the only man of sufficient education for the performance of magisterial duties, it is of course unavoidable; and it can scarcely be necessary to say that the clergyman who, under such circumstances, undertakes to discharge these duties for the benefit of society, is not, on that account, to be held up to public odium, even though he commits an error of judgment. Whether such an error was committed in the case in question is the point at issue. And in considering this point, we may at once dismiss the ridiculous notion, that the desire to see the review of the county yeomanry is a mitigation of the offence. There is surely nothing particularly virtuous or patriotic in going to look at a review, any more than in seeing the hounds throw off, or in witnessing any other spectacle. It was for their own pleasure that the men went, and the case, therefore, reduces itself to the simple question, whether a person who hires himself to another for the performance of a specific service, is at liberty to leave that service at any moment he chooses, regardless of the injury to which his employer may be exposed by his abandonment of duties. And this, in truth, is a very serious question, which affects employers of all kinds, and in a variety of ways. It is no greater hardship upon the common labourer that he is not allowed to absent himself from the hayfield, whilst his services are wanted to gather in the crop, than it is upon a clergyman that he is not allowed to walk away from his church, upon a judge that he may not quit the judgment seat, or upon a military officer that he is not suffered to leave the parade-ground while his presence is required in the performance of his duty. What would be said of a clergyman who should desert his congregation for the purpose of watching a transit of Venus, or of a judge who should leave juremyn, counsel, attorneys, and parties to waste their time in Westminster Hall while he walked to Fleet-street to purchase and peruse a *Colored News*, or of a captain who should leave his company unofficered in order to witness a monkey race? Every one of these would be liable to punishment of a serious nature for so unwarrantable a freak. Where, then, is the reason or the justice of claiming for a labourer the right to run away from his work whenever the fancy takes him, and to subject his employer to annoyance, and to positive loss? And if it be once admitted that the law which makes his doing so a punishable offence, is a just law, it is difficult to see what is the ground of complaint in the sentence pronounced upon the men *Collins* by the Rev. Mr. Hemming, against which such an insane outcry has been raised. The men left their work, they entailed loss upon their master—admitted to be a considerate, kind, and good one—and they had not even the heart to say they were sorry for what they done. They maintained a dogged right to do as they pleased, and it was the bounden duty, therefore, of the magistrate, to teach them they had no such right under the constitution of their country.

A public statue in honour of the late Sir Robert Peel was inaugurated in Birmingham. It is the work of a local sculptor, Mr. Peter Hollins; and was cast in bronze in the town by Messrs. Elkington and Mason. It is, therefore, a perfect specimen of local Art-manufacture. The figure of Peel is of the usual heroic size—eight feet and a half in height. It weighs upwards of a ton. The statue stands upon a square pedestal of polished Peterhead granite, red and white, in full harmony with the bronze. There is a plinth also of polished granite, resting upon a sub-plinth of grey-stone. The whole is placed on an octagonal platform, from which the railings and lamps spring. The total height from the platform to the top of the statue will be about 20 feet. The pedestal bears the simple inscription "Peel" in bronze. An imposing ceremonial took place at the uncovering; an immense crowd assembled, and a good deal of the customary eloquence was poured forth. Birmingham, which for many years hated the Tory剥削者 as a neighbour and a politician, has now conciliated its representative with the Corn-Law Reformer.

The greatest attraction at St. Malo to those not in love with narrow streets and quiet houses, consists in Chateaubriand's sea-washed tomb, which is visited daily by many of his admiring countrymen and women. The latter may be seen kneeling round the railings, saying prayers, and placing *timbrelles* on the simple granite slab. The veneration of Peacock, for whose memory may be measured by the fact, that the landlord of the charming old Hotel de France, where Chateaubriand was born, charges 15 francs a night for the room in which he was ushered into the world. A young officer, who has lately returned to Lancashire, badly wounded when on duty in the trenches before Sebastopol, declares (says the *Preston Chronicle*) that he has travelled across England free of expense, for neither hotel-keepers nor railway clerks would take a penny from him when they found he was a "poor and wounded soldier."

Domestic Epitome.

Charles the Fifth, Emperor of Germany, when he abdicated a throne, and retired to the monastery of St. Juste, amused himself with the mechanical arts, and particularly with that of a watchmaker. He one day exclaimed, "What an egregious fool must I have been to have squandered such blood and treasure, in an absurd attempt to make all men think alike, when I cannot even make a few watches keep time together."

Intelligence has reached Southampton that the yacht Thought, which won the prizes at the Southern Yacht Club Regatta a fortnight ago, was lost off the coast of Boulogne during a storm. The master and crew perished in her. The owner, Mr. George Coope, was fortunately not on board at the time.

Thomas and George Collins, two respectable labourers of a small farm at Roydon, Hamlet, have been committed to Chelmsford gaol for fourteen days, with hard labour, by the Rev. George Manning, magistrate, for leaving their work (*hemp-making*), at half-past five o'clock, on the 6th of August, for the remainder of that day, for the purpose of witnessing a review of the Essex yeomanry, which took place within one field of the cottage of one of the brothers. They had previously mentioned to the foreman that they should want a half-holiday, who "neither assented or refused." The case appears a hard one, and application was made by Major Palmer, commanding the Essex Yeomanry Cavalry, to the Home Secretary, for a mitigation of the sentence, but without effect.

The wife of a man absent in the Land Transport Corps has applied for relief to the Clerkenwell Police-court, stating that her husband being neither a soldier nor a sailor, she could get nothing from the Patriotic Association. The magistrate gave her money to reach some friends of her husband in the country.

The subscriptions for a memorial to Lord Raglan amount to about £6000. A small landed estate, with a suitable house, to be entailed upon his title and descendants, has been determined upon by the committee as the most suitable memorial; and the estate from which the late lord derived his title, and upon which they had been placed, has been placed at their disposal by the present proprietor on reasonable terms.

A new suspension bridge at the Glasgow-green was formerly opened for traffic. The toll is a half-penny, which may be compounded at twopence per week, and the council intend to throw open the bridge to the public free as soon as it has defrayed its original cost, £2500.

A dreadful affair is being investigated at Liverpool; a man, named Aspinall, clerk in the employ of the London and North-Western Railway, having his family completely starved to death their children. It appears they were both given up to the effects of intoxication, and a day or two ago, having quarrelled, the woman ran out and told the neighbours her husband had been the death of one of the children. The coroner's beadle was sent to the house, and there "he found several children almost black with filth, and in a perfect state of nudity. One, about four years old, named William Valentine, was huddled up on a chair like a dog. This poor child was so emaciated that, though now well attended to by the Dispensary surgeon, his life despaired of. One child, named Emma, a little girl, about three years old, was dead in bed, a mere dirty skeleton, most horrible to look at; and another child, about four months old, died from evident starvation." At the coroner's inquest a verdict of "wilful murder" has been returned against both prisoners.

By the death of Harriet, the wife of Mr. Henry Francis Richardson, the Governesses Benevolent Institution acquire the sum of £12,000. Mrs. Richardson contributed to the Cancer Hospital, the West India Dispensary, and numerous other charities previous to her termination.

At Bristol James Christopher, a labouring man, found drunk on Sunday, and too poor to pay five shillings and costs, was placed in the stocks in front of the market-place. After a while a gentleman passing by released him by paying the fine.

In the county of Leicester there is an elevation designated Bardon Hill, which is between 800 and 900 feet high. It is said the view from its top is most extensive in England, if not in Europe, owing to its central situation, and the comparatively flat nature of the surrounding country.

The Cambrian describes a terrific conflict which took place last week between two bulls on the banks of the Cleddau, near the village of Barasley, Pembrokeshire. The animals were in separate meadows, with the river between them. After sundry mutual bowings and hoars challenges to the combat, one of them swam across to his antagonist, and the fight commenced. Several men tried to separate them, but in vain. At last one of the bulls was driven into a bog, over which the other rushed, and the fight was continued in the water, until one of the combatants was dashed to the bottom.

The following are the ages of the Bishops, arranged in order of seniority:—England—Durham, 85; Bangor, 83; Exeter, 81; Canterbury, 75; Peterborough, 75; Chichester, 73; Worcester, 72; Gloucester and Bristol, 72; Carlisle, 71; Rochester, 71; Ely, 71; London, 69; York, 67; Lichfield, 67; Winchester, 65; St. Asaph, 65; Hereford, 64; Norwich, 62; Ripon, 61; Chester, 61; St. David's, 58; Lladdaf, 57; Bath and Wells, 55; Oxford, 50; Manchester, 48; Sodor and Man, 48; Salisbury, 47; Lincoln, 44; Llandaff, 42; S. David's, 32; Cork, 42; Cashel, 72; Kilaloe, 71; Meath, 69; Limerick, 69; Dublin, 68; Tuam, 63; Derry, 62; Ossory, 61; Down, 47.

Information was given of the discovery of the body of a man in the High-road, Woodford, Essex, who is supposed to have committed suicide with oil of almonds. He is described to be 30 years of age, 5 feet 7 inches high, dressed in a blue coat, tweed waistcoat, white shirt, black silk handkerchief. The body was taken to the dead house to be owned, and the inquest held.

A dreadful murder was heard from the passage of a house in the Rue de la Paix, near the Marché des Innocents. On a number of persons hurrying to that spot they met a man with his clothes saturated with blood, and, having secured him, they descended to the cellar, where they found the body of a woman, horribly disfigured. She had been for some time cohabiting with her murderer, and the act appears to have sprung from jealousy. The man after his arrest fell into a state of complete prostration. After a while he somewhat recovered, and being confronted with the dead body shed tears abundantly, and showed much emotion.

An accident occurred at Barnet, recently, in which a man lost his life, and his family, consisting of a wife and four children, are bereaved of their chief support. It appears the poor fellow, whose name is Valentine, was riding as a quarry cartor, and was engaged in adjusting his cart when he slipped, and the horse started, throwing two heavy blocks from the cart, which unfortunately fell upon his head, causing a fracture, which ultimately resulted in death. The unfortunate deceased was much respected in the neighbourhood.

A marriage was solemnised at Darton, which excited some interest in that locality. In the procession were seven asses, which were gaily decked out with ribands, and on which were mounted a troupe of musicians, who were playing "Haste to the Wedding." A large number of persons attended the happy couple and the ludicrous cortège.

Brighton—not to be outdone in devotion to the Fine Arts by its pugnacious neighbour, Worthing—announces its determination to open an autumn exhibition of Paintings and Sculpture. The Duke of Richmond lends the grace of his name to the undertaking: and it is said that "several artists of eminence"—whose names are modestly concealed—have promised to contribute their works.

Information has reached the police authorities of the mysterious and extraordinary sudden disappearance of one of the members of the force at Wickham, the missing man having, as it is surmised, and widely believed, been laid low and brutally murdered. The affair is, as yet, enveloped in mystery.

Large debts were never known to be more scarce than at present; the recruiting sergeants appear to have thinned off the young men in the rural districts, and their places cannot be supplied this year with Irish labourers, who are scarcely to be seen anywhere.

A gentleman had an interview with Mr. Arnold from Lord Panmure, with reference to the repeated applications made by the dispenser, wife, and families of men out in the Land Transport Corps. The gentleman informed the magistrate that no agreements were entered into by the applicants, and that a portion of the men's income for their families at home, but that if they pleased to remit any sums home out of their pay, which they received daily in the Crimea, the same as private soldiers, every facility was afforded them of doing so, and it was given to their families as soon as it arrived.

The thunder storm on Thursday week proved most destructive to the sparrows in various parts, particularly in the county of Kent, for instance as many as twenty of these birds were found *de morte*. Had not the weather been a few weeks earlier, the farmer of the neighbourhood would have been much benefited by the destruction of such a number of these birds.

An elderly man named Crabtree was standing on the rails near the junction of the Styldyke branch with the main line of the Manchester and Sheffield Railway, at the Gindlebridge station. He did not perceive that a train was approaching, and he was consequently knocked down by the engine. One of his feet was completely cut off, and the other leg was frightfully crushed. He was removed to the Manchester Infirmary, where he died shortly afterwards.

A French gentleman, residing at No. 10, St. James's-terrace, Kentish-town, was brought to the University College Hospital with a desperate wound in his throat, which it is feared will terminate fatally. Mr. Day, surgeon St. James's-terrace, was sent for, who found that the wound had extended to the windpipe, exposing all the principal veins of the throat; he ordered his removal to the hospital. He has been observed to lie in a desponding state of mind for some time past, and there are various rumours in circulation as to his origin.

A woman named Betty Osten has died in the village of Pitminster, at the wonderful age of 108, which she had completed in July last. Up to within a few months of her decease, although she had lost her sight, she was perfectly sensible, and was able to sing a song. She had been but once married, and had one son and seven daughters, the eldest of whom is living, and is 80 years old, and the youngest is 60.

Mrs. Granville, of Elliot Vale Brook, near Hastings, whilst in the refreshment room of the Pavilion Hotel, was plundered of her purse containing a £50 f. note, a 109 r. note, and £15 in gold, besides silver. The room was instantly closed, but the thief could not be found.

There was a very distressing occurrence on the London Bridge line of railway. An upright gentleman, named Ansell, took his seat in the seven o'clock a.m. Parliamentary train, to proceed to Brighton from the London Bridge terminus, when upon reaching the Three Bridges station, he suddenly became faint, and almost instantly expired.

A few mornings since, a large sparrow hawk made a dash at one of the windows in Caldy gîte-house, in which a cage containing a canary bird was suspended. Failing to break the glass at the first onset, he struck it with such violence as to cause it to shatter, striking different panes of glass in succession with its beak in a violent manner. One of the inmates coming to the rescue of the canary, which was found swooning at the bottom of the cage, the hawk retreated.

The body of a female infant, shockingly murdered by fractures of the skull, has been discovered within the last few days in the canal at Nottingham. An inquest has been held, and a verdict returned of "Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown."

Miss Farren was Countess of Derby; Miss Bolton, Lady Thurlow; Miss Mellon (Mrs. Contos), Duchess of St. Albans; Miss Brunton, Countess of Craven; Miss Gayton (a popular dancer) married a Welsh curate, who afterwards succeeded as heir-at-law to the Pulteney estate, and became one of the richest commoners in England; Miss Foote, is the Dowager Countess of Harrington; Miss Stephens, the Dowager Countess of Essex; Miss O'Neill is Lady Becher, and Miss M. Tree, the widow of Bradshaw, Esq., of Lathom, Lancashire.

Letters recently received from the Cape de Verde Archipelago, state that the Islands of Fogo and Brava are almost decimated, by the scourges of famine and cholera, the disease having communicated by a Cardinian emigrant ship.

In consequence of numerous complaints relative to the non-delivery of letters put into the receiving-boxes of the post pillars, inquiries have been made on this subject; and it would appear that a system had been adopted of robbing these, as also the general delivery boxes, by a party of persons acting in concert, by means of some adhesive matter being spread on a small thin weight, which descends to the box where the letters are deposited, and then drawn quickly to the top, the letter attached to the adhesive matter is easily withdrawn.

A respectable young female, named Emma Bare, aged 18 years, who resided in Kensington, met with a dreadful accident by falling from a window, a very considerable height, while in the act of removing some clothes, in which hung on a line. She was conveyed to St. George's Hospital in a hopeless condition.

The Sculptor Rauchs has just completed the monument of the late Ernest Augustus, King of Hanover. The dead monarch lies on the sarcophagus in a Hussar dress, watched by four angels two praying and two singing. The statue is of a whiter marble than the tomb.

The Empress Eugenie made a present to Queen Victoria, as a parting gift, of a porte-bouquet, ornamented with brilliants, which, as a receptacle for the queen's hair and sides that the Queen is very graceful for the reception she met with. The Empress was almost overpowered by it. A bouquet was given to her on her departure by General Lowstine, in the name of the National Guard. Her Majesty promised to carry it with her to England. An artist, M. Eugene Lami, is at this moment at work at an album, which will contain sketches of all the fetes and ceremonials during Her Majesty's visit. This album, when completed, will be offered to the Queen. While on this subject I may add, that the decorations of the fete at Versailles were imitated from an old engraving. The Empress particularly wished to see the lustres surrounded with garlands.

A terrible conflagration broke out at Havre in a large spirit warehouse belonging to M.M. Bernachon and Levoignier, Rue Seudrey, at the corner of the Place du Commerce, at Havre. One of the cellarman was drawing brandy from a large cask, when, unfortunately, the cock fell out. He placed one hand on the office to prevent the escape of the liquid, and tried with the other to pick up the cock; but the brandy spilt through his fingers on to the flame of the lamp, which he had placed on the ground. Flames immediately shot up, and in a moment reached the large wooden vessel, which was nearly full of brandy. The liquid instantaneously caught fire, and the man was unable to extinguish it, and was obliged to withdraw his hand from the hole. The brandy then burst forth in large quantities, and it was immediately caught by the flames. In an incredible short time the conflagration reached the other casks in the cellar, which were filled with spirits, and caused them to explode successively with a loud noise. Their contents materially increased the violence of the fire, and the flames not only filled the cellar, but escaped by the different issues; and, being fanned by the air, soon burst through the roof, shooting up to a prodigious height, and extending even to the opposite side of the street, and to the trees of the Place du Commerce. Shortly after the fire had begun, a number of persons, including a fireman, who had been for some time in the service of M. Trosztaux hastened to the cellar, thinking that his practical experience might enable him to suggest means for extinguishing the flames; but he was in an instant completely surrounded by them, and was burnt to death. Several other persons were burnt or otherwise injured in the course of the conflagration, but none of them seriously. Prince Jerome, attended by his aides-de-camp, arrived shortly after the fire had commenced, and remained on the spot until it had begun to decline. Several of the Russian prisoners actively assisted in bringing up water, or doing whatever was required. The total amount of damage is estimated at 500,000fr.

A short time since an amateur theatrical performance in aid of a charity was held at Colonel Waugh's residence, Grosvenor-house, Kensington, in which Mr. Charles Dickens, Mr. Mark Lemon, and others played the drama of *The Lighthouse*, a notice of which appeared in the papers. Colonel Waugh has followed up his generosity upon that occasion by holding a grand bazaar at his marine residence, Brantisea-castle, Poole, which commenced on Wednesday and terminated on Saturday last. During that period the island and bazaar have, for the first time, been visited by several thousand persons from parts of the country. The island, which is about a mile and a half in length, and the castle attracted considerable attention. The castle was built in honour of Queen Elizabeth for the protection of the town and harbour of Poole.

It has since undergone considerable modifications and additions, and is now a handsome structure in the castellated form, commanding a view of the harbour and a long sweep of the coast. The gallery of pictures includes the works of Raphael, Guido, Vandkye, and some of the best modern masters. The bazaar stalls were held by Mrs. Louisa Waugh, Lady Charlotte Schreiber, Lady Ibbesson, Miss Louisa Waugh, and a number of others. The object of the institution (which is in connection with the Hospital for Consumption, Brompton), is to receive patients suffering from consumption who have a fair prospect of being cured by a residence in the pure air of Bournemouth, a watering place situated midway between Poole and Christchurch. The bazaar was of the most extensive nature, and the arrangements for the public accommodation complete. It was announced that £100 had been given by one person, and £500 offered by another if the same sum could be raised. Independent of the bazaar, £500 and £600 were raised in the bazaar.

A return just published shows that the gross total receipts of country treasuries in England and Wales for the year ended Michaelmas-day, 1854, amounted to £1,549,934, and the total disbursements to £1,391,358. Of the receipts, £83,655 accrued from county and police rates. Of the expenses, £34,075 was appropriated to goals and houses of correction, £18,107 to the prosecution of prisoners, and £78,656 to lunatic asylums, besides many other items. The total assessment for the county rate in England and Wales amounted to £61,203,035.

There is no doubt we see no probability that there ever can be an end, to the uncertainty and confusion which have been introduced in every department of the newspaper trade, by the late sanguine act for making the newspaper stamp an optional one. The difficulty of understanding the postal arrangements, as they have been modified to meet the intentions of the new act, is so great, that we can scarcely hope to master it.

The total destruction of the Katherine Sharer, outward bound to Hobart Town, with passengers, &c., has been made known at Lloyd's. The Katherine Sharer was a Sunderland built ship, of 500 tons burthen, the property of Mr. Wilson, of Wapping. She sailed from Grimsby on the 29th of May, bound for Hobart Town, under the charge of Captain Tidmarsh, with 27 passengers and a general cargo of merchandise, including about 10 tons of powder. She accomplished the voyage out safely, sighting Cape Esperance, near the entrance of the harbour of Hobart Town river, on the afternoon of the 5th of June, and in the evening she was brought to an anchor in the bay to await the morning tide and pilot to take her up to Hobart. About 11 o'clock the passengers were startled by the shrieks of their sleep by cries that the ship was on fire. On reaching the deck, they saw a number of smoke issuing forth from the fore hatchway, and the captain and all hands endeavoured to keep the fire under; yet it gained an ascendancy rapidly, and it soon became evident that the ship was lost. Already had the captain ordered the boats to be prepared and secured; and finding it would be highly dangerous to jeopardize the lives of his men and passengers by their remaining longer on board, he immediately abandoned the ship, the passengers and crew being equally proportioned to the three boats. Two hours afterwards the flames reached the powder, which blew up with terrific explosion, which was heard for miles distant. The ship was soon entirely destroyed, and the occupants escaped injury. The crew of the Katherine Sharer did not reach Hobart Town till the 11th, when Mr. Chapman, Esq., agent, directly chartered the Mimosa steamer and proceeded to the spot, where he found the captain and crew of the burnt ship collecting portions of her shattered cargo, and placing it in security on the beach for the benefit of the underwriters. All that could be said of the wreck was her topmast, which is just visible above water. There is strong reason to suspect that the ship was wilfully set fire. One of the crew has been arrested on suspicion, and had undergone trial before the magistrates before the mail left. The passengers lost every portion of property belonging to them, and many of them were reduced to comparative misery. The ship was insured at Lloyd's.

JAMES FRANCIS, a young man of gentleman-like appearance, described as a merchant's clerk, was brought before Mr. Hammill, upon a charge of bigamy, under the following peculiar circumstances. The prisoner was given into custody by the father of the wife, who was a widow with two children, and John Francis, his son, at the time of his marriage, under the impression that she was married with the sanction of her parents at St. Mary's Church, Haggerstone. They subsequently took up their residence at Dalton, where they lived together in undisturbed happiness until some time after the marriage, when the prisoner, to the extreme consternation of his wife, publicly announced that he would be immediately compelled to separate from her, as he had received a letter from his first wife, whom he believed to be dead, in which she had miraculously preserved, and that he might expect her to come in a few days. She was naturally much shocked at such a startling communication, but as it rested on his bare word, she reluctantly refused to resign her marital rights in such a summary manner, and the time specified for the arrival of the first wife, when another man would be admitted to her appearance, and having claimed the prisoner as her husband, her consolation rivot at once returned to her friends. Hayward, one of the warrant officers of the court, said, that on taking him into custody he assured him that he had not the remotest idea that his wife was still living at the time he contracted the last marriage, as he had received no intelligence that the vessel in which she had sailed for America had founderered at sea with every soul on board, and that his second wife, after she was made acquainted with the facts, had signed a written document, in which she freely exonerated him from all culpability, and declared that she would never be party to his prosecution for bigamy, as she believed he had married her under the firm conviction that his wife was dead. The rival wives, both of whom were very lively and attractive young women, were in attendance during the proceedings, and the necessary formal evidence of each marriage having been completed, the prisoner was ordered to be committed for trial.

Bookmarks.

TUESDAY.—Sir George de la Poer, Bart., Fludyer-street, Westminster, mining agent.—William Gilbert, Camomile-place, Old-street-road, butcher.—David Edwards, Junr., Poultney, confidante of Mr. Francis, late George-Street.—John Ward, Lombard-street, dealer in mining shares.—Thomas Hensley, Willenhall, cast nail manufacturer.—George Pyne, Bristol, cornwhale.—John Marley, Torquay, butcher.—Mary Ann Farmer, Finsbury, milliner.—Mathew Lichesbury, Dunford, Exeter, cutter-john, Mawer, Loud, butcher.—William Huskridge, Liverpool, insurance broker.

DIVIDENDS.

OCT. 12, W. Strahan, Sir J. Paul, Bart., and R. B. Bates, Strand, bankers; and Halford and Co., Norfolk-street, Strand, navy agents.—Sept. 20, W. and T. Williams, Bedford-place, Kemmington, clerk in the General Post-office.—Sept. 26, H. C. Bradley, Old Bond-street, bookseller.—Sept. 27, F. Green, Bath, tavern-keeper.

CERTIFICATES to be granted, unless cause be shown to the contrary on the day of meeting.

Oct. 8.—W. Miller, Whitechapel-road, coffee-house keeper.—Sept. 23, H. Baker, Camomile-street, London-wall, sugar-baker.

